

Weather looks less than pleasant out there, Candice thought to herself, glancing out the floor-to-ceiling window at the other end of the cafeteria. While there had been some rays of sun earlier, the clouds were beginning to clump up with dark underbellies. No rain, no thunder, but the wind was very clearly picking up. The trees looked almost stuck sideways, pushed down and down again by the gales. Less than pleasant out there, but it weirdly made Candice feel cozier, being nice and safe inside.

Candice walked over to her usual spot in the back corner of the cafeteria, a table all to her own. Candice didn't mind it, though. It was kinda nice to be able to pick a corner and blend into it, especially when dozens of pranks meant most attention she got was less than flattering. Dropping her backpack on the chair next to her spot, Candice almost sat before catching herself and smoothing her long tan skirt under her legs before doing so. She rarely wore skirts anymore, especially ones that reached down to her ankles, and she kept forgetting how differently it meant she had to act, being careful not to trip herself and remembering the right way to sit in it. She had been wary of wearing skirts given how easy they made indecent exposure, but she couldn't deny how enjoyable it was to feel some more freedom with her legs, so she decided to chance it for one day. Besides, it was a big day, the turn-in date of a major assignment, and Candice decided she would like to feel that little bit fancier than normal. If only the weather felt as good as she did...

Candice pulled her lunch bag out of her backpack, unzipped it, and took out her thermos, chips, and her favorite lunch mainstay, a PB & J sandwich. Can't beat the classics! People - namely Hannah - routinely made fun of her for her choice in sandwich, but Candice didn't see the problem. Easy to make, can't get too cold, and positively delicious; what's so bad about it? Candice took a big bite and chewed with satisfaction. Yum! She went for another bite.

Right as she moved her neck forward for that next bite, however, Candice froze as twin shadows fell over her. Cold fingers she recognized all too well suddenly felt at her lower back, until they grabbed the waistband of Candice's panties and heaved upwards. "Ah!" Candice's undies were tugged right up her butt crack, almost pulling her up and out of her seat. The hand let go, and Candice dropped back onto her chair, her famously-large backside making an uncomfortably loud slapping sound as it dropped back onto the chair. As Candice reached back to readjust her underpants, the shadows moved away from her, the bodies casting them taking seats around her: Hannah and Emma. "Afternoon, dork," Hannah saluted, leaning back and kicking back to rest her jet-black pumps on the table. "You look a little lonely over here. Need company?"

Candice turned away from Emma's smug greeting smile. The wedgie hadn't hurt much, but it had surprised her enough that she dropped her sandwich, which fell open-faced on the table. Grimacing, Candice peeled the peanut-butter-coated bread off the table, grabbing napkins to clean it up. "Don't you have class right now? Why don't you go torment Tinkerworth instead?"

Emma took a similar relaxed pose to Hannah, resting her feet on the table and folding her hands behind her head of long, dyed-red hair. "Substitute today. Thinks we went to the bathroom."

"But we thought while we're out," Hannah continued, waggling her eyebrows, "that we should check on our buddy Candice, make sure she's okay and that no one's bothering her."

"No one was," Candice muttered as she balled up the peanut-buttery napkins and got to work cleaning up the jelly half. She then said at full volume, "Well, I'm fine, thanks for checking in. Feel free to go now."

Candice was wiping at the purple jelly stains when Hannah abruptly picked her feet up and roughly slammed them back onto the table, startling Candice into dropping the napkins. "Now just a second," Hannah said. "I want to be sure. Let's talk for a bit. But..." Hannah smacked her lips. "I'm feeling a smidge parched. Why don't we talk over some iced tea? Candice?" Hannah looked down her nose at Candice and grinned wider. "Would you be ever so kind?"

"Yes, and I think I'd enjoy a strawberry tea, thank you!" Emma chuckled and slammed her feet on the table like Hannah had, causing Candice's thermos to wobble and nearly fall. Thankfully, Candice managed to

catch it just before her own tea spilled all over the table. As Candice righted it and glanced between the giggling bullies, the dulling ache between her butt cheeks seemed to flare back up. "Of course," she dutifully told them. "I'll... be right back..." Careful to not step on her own skirt, Candice rose and walked over to the drink station, picking her skirt up out of the way of her feet. It was a form of blackmail, that much was clear, but Candice saw no reason to not play nice. Better to placate them with drinks than risk another rash where the sun shouldn't shine.

Candice put two cups on a tray and filled them with the requested beverages and a couple ice cubes each. As she turned around to return to the table, however, she realized getting back might be harder than she first imagined. If she used a hand to lift her skirt out of the way of her toes, then that only left one hand to carry the tray, which was difficult to balance with the liquids sloshing around. If she used both hands to carry the tray, she would have to take small, shuffling steps to make it over without tripping or spilling, and she was worried what the bullies might do if she took too long. Candice ended up trying to combine both methods, moving carefully but trying to keep her skirt up and tray held at the same time. It was awkward, and it made Hannah and Emma snicker as she approached, but it worked nonetheless. "Okay, here are yourrr- oohhhh!"

Right as Candice got close enough to the table to set down the tray, her toe caught on her long flowing skirt, flipping the tray into the air. Candice could only watch in despair as the cups flew at the bullies almost in slow-motion, before they crashed into them, spilling sweet-smelling beverages all over the two and soaking their hair and clothes.

Both bullies immediately stood out from their chairs, sputtering and spitting out tea, hands waving in anger as the empty cups clattered to the floor. "You DUMB DORK!" Hannah yelled, and the pitch she hit made Candice unconsciously squeeze her thighs together and reach back to ensure her panties' waistband was tucked out of reach.

Candice gulped, frozen to the spot as the bullies ineffectually dabbed at their stained tank tops and wet hair. "I... I am SO sorry, you two! I... I didn't mean to..."

"Shut up!" Hannah snapped at Candice. She shot Candice a glare full of more anger than Candice thought possible for a human, then growled and stormed off, Emma in pursuit. Candice watched them go, but felt no victory in the accident. All she had done was paint a bigger target on her back - or her butt. She was quick to gather up her lunch bag with her thermos and chips, then scampered off the finish lunch in private, in a restroom stall.

Hannah and Emma dripped their way all the way down to the locker room, ignoring the sidelong glances and stifled laughs from the students they passed. Hannah even tried to brush her iced-tea-soaked hair out of her face and walk with confidence, but by the time they both reached the locker room, she was sprinting as fast as her pumps would permit. Emma kept wringing strawberry tea out of her hair. "At least now it smells like it looks," Hannah said as they finally got in the locker room. Emma wasn't much impressed by the joke.

Hannah and Emma spent the remainder of the period freshening up, rinsing out in the shower and reapplying makeup after. It made them late for the following class, but neither was going back outside that locker room while still smelling like a mall food court. After washing up, the two grabbed their cheerleading uniforms, the only back-up clothing they had to hand outside of their sweat-stained gym uniforms, and neither was stooping down to that level. At least, Hannah could change into her own uniform. Emma had to go digging for a spare, since there was no practice that day and she had brought her uniform home to wash. The uniform she came back with made Hannah guffaw.

"It's the closest to my size they had," Emma groaned, shifting uncomfortably. The uniform was a size or two too small, making Emma's chest look ready to pop the seams. The bottom of Emma's thong-covered c

rotch peeked out from under the little skirt, so she had to shift it down her hips so low the waistband was about an inch below her thong's, tucking in her top to hide the rest. Hannah could already hear the waistband of the skirt straining against the full force of Emma's booty.

Another downside to the uniform situation was a lack of bras. Neither had worn one that day - which Hannah found odd, considering Emma wasn't like Hannah and always wore one - so the only undergarments each had was the thongs they wore that day. It was awkward feeling the fabric of the skirt against their bare cheeks, but there weren't any other options. Both girls were mostly concerned with how visible their boobs might be through the white uniform top.

Hannah pointed at Emma's chest, her nipples plainly poking out under the fabric. "Seems like they turned the A/C on in here."

Emma folded her arms over her chest, trying to hide her blushing. "Yours look like they're about to drill through the fabric."

At first Hannah put her hands on her hips, but when she looked down and saw Emma was right, she covered her own chest. "I'd just think with all of Daddy's money, you wouldn't run out of bras."

"I'm not out." Emma seemed weirdly defensive. "That dork just got lucky that she picked laundry day to be a bigger loser than normal." She moved to the door. "We getting her back, or what?"

Hannah nodded and followed, but with reservations. Emma was acting weird... no, acting more and more like Hannah. Hannah kept an eye on the red-head. The pond was full enough of big fishes. Hannah wasn't threatened... she just wouldn't want Emma to misjudge her place.

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Candice watched the paper creep out from the printer bit by bit like a drumroll. When it finally stopped, Candice plucked the stack of papers from the tray and hoisted them overhead in victory. Two weeks, a fortnight of getting less sleep, writing, reading, rewriting, more work on an assignment that Candice had done the entire semester, it had all led up to the freshly-printed book report now in Candice's eager hands. She even left class a bit early to make double-super-extra sure all the grammar was polished to a shine. Candice clutched the still-warm stack of papers with pride like it was her own baby. Time to turn this bad boy in!

As she left the library, Candice looked both ways, leaving and walking down the hall with caution. It had been more than an hour since she spilled those drinks on Hannah and Emma, and she hadn't seen hide nor hair of them since. Candice wouldn't let herself be deluded into thinking she was off the hook. She had screwed up, and they were for sure going to get her back. Still... Candice didn't see them anywhere. Just two more classes, then she could go...

Just as she thought that, Candice looked over her shoulder, seeing no one. When she looked forward again, however, there they were right in front of her: Hannah and Emma. Candice yelped and stumbled back a few steps, but was otherwise like a deer in headlights.

Emma opened her mouth to speak, but Hannah stepped in front of the redhead. "Hey there, dork," Hannah greeted Candice with a wave, Emma appearing behind her looking annoyed. "Going to class?"

Candice held her book report tight to her chest and couldn't stammer out a complete sentence. Emma moving out from behind Hannah made her jump a bit. "Uh... um..."

"Hey, is that for us?" Emma pointed at the papers in Candice's grasp. Candice immediately turned away from Emma's grabby hands and hugged the papers tight to her chest, avoiding every attempt to grab them. No way she was getting a page out of her! "Come on, nerd!" Emma kept reaching. "First you spill our drinks, now you won't let us look?"

"Emma," Hannah called, stepping forward with a devilish grin that sank Candice's heart. "If she won't give up the assignment, I think I know another way for her to pay us back." Hannah smile flashed white. "Panty Inspection and Tax."

Emma nodding eagerly made Candice even more worried. "What? Panty Inspection and—" Candice was interrupted by Emma reaching down to her sides and hoisting Candice's skirt up high over her head, blinding her with the fabric. Cool air brushed across Candice's smooth, bare legs, and Candice knew her frilly white panties were on full display to the entire hallway. She shrieked with embarrassment, but held a vice grip on her papers, adamant to not let go.

Of course, that meant Hannah could pace around her and do as she pleased without resistance. "I thought these felt frilly," Hannah quipped as she knelt down in front of Candice. "Even with a cute little bow. How sweet!" Hannah fidgeted with the bow, and the light touching so low down made Candice squeak. "Quite small, though." Hannah reached around and tugged at the back of Candice's waistband. "They barely cover all this ass back here!" Hannah continued to tug around the waistband, lightly pulling fabric up Candice's sensitive spots, making her gasp and quietly moan. Hannah could already feel a temperature change down there.

"They don't seem practical at all, do they?" Emma asked Hannah.

"Oh not one bit," Hannah agreed. "A true zero out of ten. Which means it's time for the tax!" Hannah gestured to Emma, who reluctantly shuffled around to Candice's front, still holding the skirt high above the bubble-butt nerd's head. Hannah very slowly and very dramatically gripped the back of Candice's panties, then began to lower them.

"No!" Candice called through her skirt. "Please! Don't expose my butt!" But of course Hannah didn't stop until the panties were pulled all the past Candice's cheeks, stopping just enough to keep the nerd's crotch covered, but more than enough to let her whole bare butt hang out. Candice shrieked again as she felt cold air play across her exposed cheeks.

Emma craned her neck around for a peek and wolf-whistled. "Nice heinie, Candice! You're gaining your weight in the right spots!"

Hannah poked Candice's butt as the captive nerd squirmed. "Hey, aren't you the one who mooned me with this big ol' butt in the gym that time? I thought you'd be more excited to show off these sweet, butt, cheeks!" Hannah punctuated the last three words with slaps to Candice's ass. They were meant to be 'playful' slaps, but they wound up stinging Hannah's palm, Hannah spanking harder than she originally meant to. Her mention of that day brought back the anger from that memory. It was one thing for Claire's invention to go awry, but Candice having the gall to moon her for it was a step too far, and something Candice still had to play for, plenty of times.

As vindicating as Candice's yelps and squirms were, Hannah stopped herself before another spank when she heard Candice make a noise suspiciously unlike a cry of pain, instead like a stifled groan of pleasure. "Aw, what's up, Candice?" Hannah lowered her hand to Candice's cheek more gently than before. "We're not getting antsy in our panties, our we?" Hannah's hand slid gently over Candice's vulnerable cheeks, making the nerd squirm even more. "We know how much you like to expose yourself, especially..." Hannah gave another spank, "this fat ass of yours."

Hannah continued to poke and prod at Candice's cheeks. "Eek! Stop! Not there!" Candice kept yelping out, but of course Hannah didn't stop. Keeping her arms as locked as possible, Candice's lower body began to dance in place, squirming and wiggling from Hannah's touch. Candice even let out a giggle.

That set Hannah on. "Oh my, is Candice feeling ticklish?" The blonde bully then set to wiggling her fingers all over Candice's smooth, bare tummy and thighs, making the poor girl bounce from foot to foot, trying a

nd failing to suppress her giggling and gasping. Bouncing from foot to foot made Candice's butt cheeks b ounce up and down in a jiggly rhythm, and a few added spanks from Hannah made sure those cheeks we re never still for long. Face still hidden by her skirt, Candice continued in vain to worm out of the bullies' gr asps, only to stop cold and gasp. The same cool air that played across her bare butt suddenly wafted acr oss her front. She wasn't sure if her panties had dropped lower due to Hannah's busy hands or her own movements, but there was no mistaking the feeling that her panties had fallen away from covering her pri vates. She was nearly bottomless in the middle of the hall! Candice yelped again and clenched her thighs together to preserve what modesty she could.

"Hey Hannah," Emma called out. Hannah looked up from Candice's bare ass, almost having forgotten Em ma was even present. The redhead nodded down to Candice's now-exposed pussy. "Looks like Candice' s panties are slipping. What say we... pull them up?"

Hannah grinned. "What a good idea. Let's help our friend Candice."

Suddenly, the skirt Emma had been holding up fell down, revealing Candice's flushed-red face and unke mpt hair. But any relief Candice could have pretended to feel immediately vanished as Emma's fingers wr apped around the front of her panties, and Hannah gripped the back. Candice's dread skyrocketed. "No!" she cried out. "Not a wedgiiiiiiEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!"

As Candice finished her sentence, both bullies abruptly yanked Candice's underwear upward, panties sho otting up deep between not only Candice's butt cheeks, but up her crotch too! It was the force of two wedg ies at the same time from both sides, and the bullies yanked and yanked Candice's underwear without sy nchronization, making the fabric rub Candice's underside as it shot deeper and deeper between her chee ks, and deeper up her privates than ever before. They even chucklingly pulled Candice's undies so high u p, she felt her feet leave the ground! Candice felt like she was going cross-eyed! Not only was the wedgiei ng fierce, but the friction, the rub of the fabric... "Ahh! Mm! Stop!" Candice felt her face heating up even m ore as she bounced helplessly in the hands of the bullies, her panties all but vanished between her jigglin g butt cheeks. "Ahh! No! Mmph!" It was, to Hannah, symphony of sounds. She nodded to Emma, satisfied

The two bullies dropped Candice at the same time, and as soon as her feet touched the floor, the bubble-butt nerd collapsed, her knees too weak from the pain and the arousal. Candice crashed onto the tiles rig ht on top of her book report, boobs smushed against the stack of papers. Her butt was hiked into the air, h er long skirt flopped around her upper body, leaving her red wedged cheeks high in the air and uncovere d. Candice's glasses had fallen off, and her expression was a mixture of gasping dread and some more pl easant feeling that Hannah could only interpret as an aroused smile.

"Well, I suppose that's enough for today's lesson." Hannah poked Candice's upraised tush as she began t o walk away. "Have fun with your report, Candice."

"Yeah! Hope you get as big an A plus as yours right here!" Emma scrambled over and hastily slapped her palm across Candice's booty, eliciting a quiet moan. The two bullies strut down the hallway, leaving Cand ice a disheveled pile of papers and arousal, a distant high-five the last Candice could hear of them.

Shaking her head, Candice looked up off the ground and to her stack of papers, carefully thumbing throug h it. Ten, eleven, twelve. All twelve double-sided pages accounted for. At least they hadn't ruined her assi gnment. Groaning, Candice set the stack of papers aside and rose to sit on her knees, reaching forward with one hand to pick up her glasses, and reaching back with the other to pick the wedgie out from her but t crack. "Ouch... that smarts." She eased the fabric out from intimate places as she carefully stood and let her skirt flop back down to recover her legs. The thought then struck Candice that she was still in the mid dle of the hallway. Spinning around, she didn't see many other students, but those she did see gave her a thumbs-up or just chuckled. Candice's face was redder than ever as she scooped up her report, recounti ng the pages one more time just to be sure. Still all accounted for.

Candice turned around, meaning to power walk to class, only to see Hannah and Emma sashaying their way around the corner. The quickest route to Candice's class was in that direction, but Candice was sure as hell not following those two. But going around the school in the other direction would take too long, and Candice wasn't sure she wouldn't just bump right into those two again.

Candice looked to her side and saw the door to the school's outdoor courtyard. The entire school was a loop, and at the center was an outdoor courtyard for students to hang out during study hall or after school, or possibly serve as a shortcut to other ends of the school. Candice squinted, and though she couldn't tell for sure, it looked like the light outside was a bit brighter, like the clouds weren't as dark. It probably wasn't better than it had been earlier, but Candice decided to chance it. It was only for a few seconds, and she didn't hear it raining. Plus, no one out there would have seen her wedgie spectacle. Keeping her papers close to her chest, Candice awkwardly stumbled towards the door, the discomfort between her legs and butt cheeks making it hard to walk.

Everything seemed fine when Candice pushed open the door and stepped onto the bricks of the courtyard. The clouds were a lighter grey than they had seemed last she saw, the old wood picnic tables scattered around looked dry, and barely anyone was around. It was still windy, however, all the little trees decorating the outer perimeter of the courtyard constantly rustling and rubbing leaves or empty branches against one another. Candice tightened her grip on her papers and sighed. Just a few more seconds, that's all, then she'd be back inside. Fighting the instincts to reach up and fix her rapidly-untangling hair or adjust the skirt flapping at her feet, Candice pushed forward along the outer edge of the courtyard, trying to not be seen.

As Candice took those first steps, however, something in the weather shifted, as if Mother Nature herself caught a bad mood. The wind continued to blow, howling gusts rushing across the courtyard. Candice tightened her arms around her report, as the wind kicked her skirt up around her ankles, the powerful gusts nearly knocking her off balance with every step she took. Candice had to take small, careful steps so she wouldn't face-plant and lose all her hard work. The wind blew so hard her top ponytail came undone, her long blonde locks pulled every which way by the wind, but Candice kept trudging along the edge of the courtyard, determined.

But the wind only got fiercer the farther Candice went. The gusts lifting parts of her skirt became stronger, lifting the skirt higher, revealing more and more and Candice's bare legs. Starting to blush, Candice cast a quick glance over the courtyard and saw the students there watching her, eagerly awaiting what might happen to the famously accident-prone nerd. Another gust of wind picked up the back of Candice's skirt for a moment, maybe enough to flash her panty-clad butt. Candice tried to shift her elbows to keep her skirt down while also holding her book report, but immediately straightened when she felt the wind beginning to tease out one of the pages. Tightening her arms, she soldiered on. Another gust made her skirt billow high in the front, so high there was no question of if her panties had or hadn't been on display. Candice yelped and quickly spun around to hide her panties from the others. The wind wasn't calming down. Still, Candice was too far to back down, and she tried to quicken her pace, however strong the wind was.

Suddenly, the gales surged so strong that they not only lifted Candice's skirt high, but they stayed so strong that Candice's skirt kept flapping in front of her face, almost as if Emma was back to lift it over her head again. The winds held her skirt straight up, her frilly white panties on full display to everyone! Candice's cry of embarrassment was lost behind the fabric, her wildly swinging hair, and the roar of the wind, but she could already hear the mocking laughter of the students in the courtyard, sarcastically calling compliments to Candice for her choice in underwear and how the wind made her butt cheeks wobble. Still, Candice gripped her book report tight, less willing to lose her hard work than cover herself. Blinded by the skirt, baby step by baby step, Candice continued around the courtyard, so close to the door, so close to her class. Almost there...

But then Candice felt something tug at the back of her panties. Then she couldn't walk forward anymore, t

rying to continue making her waistband go taut and threaten to snap. In a fleeting glimpse past her flapping skirt and wind-whipped hair, Candice saw that she had strayed too close to the trees decorating the courtyard's perimeter. A particular tree branch had hooked onto the back of Candice's panties and waistband of her skirt. It was a deep hook; if she walked too far, the branch would rip her underpants. Not only that, but it made her unwittingly perform a Coppertone girl impression by exposing her hiney in its bare entirety, which Candice only realized after a few failed escape attempts and some debris like wood chips and leaves skimming over her butt as they swirled in the gusts. Realizing she was baring her behind, Candice yelped and inched back towards the tree, trapped exposed to the nearby students, holding onto her report for dear life while trying to think up some plan of action, all while embarrassed by the crowd of students staring at her skirt still blown up by the wind and her white panties and what could be seen of her butt cheeks. And it sounded like there were more and more of them every time.

In truth, the crowd of students had grown fairly large despite the weather. Word spread quickly about Candice's little spectacle, and several students wandered into the courtyard on their way to class to sneak a peek and a pic. Among the students were, of course, Hannah and Emma, who pushed to the front of the crowd to better see the blonde bubble-butt nerd making a complete fool of herself. They looked at each other with smug grins. "Always count on Candice to turn your day around," Hannah said.

Emma laughed, then grinned wider. "Still those ugly panties, though. I'd say there's room for improvement, here, don't you think?"

Hannah mirrored Emma's enthusiasm. "You know what? You're right. Those panties would look a lot better around her ankles." Holding her hair from flapping wildly in the breeze, Hannah turned to address the crowd, pointing at the nerd still caught in her own skirt. "You people want see more of Candice?" Hannah called out. The crowd cheered. Candice froze for a moment, though, recognizing that voice, recognizing what danger she was in. Candice wracked her brain, looking to free her panties from the branch while keeping a hold on every one of her twelve papers.

Hannah and Emma began to cross the courtyard, but the winds had only gotten stronger, making it very difficult to cross. The winds nearly bowled the two over, especially when they got into the open at first and weren't expecting the winds to be as strong as they were. Both bullies threw out their arms and struggled to stay balanced, sometimes using the picnic tables to support themselves, slowly making their way towards Candice, step by step. Both girls kept having to drop their arms, however, to push down their own skirts, the wind easily lifting the thin fabric. But Hannah was determined to get to Candice, and Emma sure as hell wasn't going to back down if Hannah wasn't. As both girls risked a step forward with their arms steady ing themselves, though, a strong gust swept up their skirts, revealing their thongs to the entire courtyard, and their barely-concealed butt cheeks to those behind them. Both girls yelped and quickly pulled down the fronts and backs of their skirts, their hair whipping wildly around in the wind.

The crowd was cheering again, louder than before. Hannah glanced around and saw everyone focused on them, chanting for them to let go and show those 'hot undies' one more time. Everyone was shouting and jeering at her... Hannah's face burned red, as did her anger when she saw Candice was still trapped with her skirt blown up to her face, her underwear still on full display. She couldn't even cover herself! "No! Look at Candice! Nerd can't even cover herself!" But no one looked at Candice anymore. All eyes were squarely on the skirt Hannah was fighting to keep lowered. "Stop it! Look at her!"

Hannah looked back at the helpless Candice and growled. "You want exposure? I'll give you something to see!" Holding down her skirt, Hannah soldiered her way forward against the winds still relentlessly pushing against her. Every step nearly knocked her off balance, but she kept fighting to get to Candice and put the attention back on that nerd and her stupid dorky butt.

On the way, Hannah passed Emma, who was rooted to the spot. At that point, she was too embarrassed to move forward and possibly flash her bright green thong to the crowd again, and stood frozen at the center of the courtyard, mind panicking and not sure what to do. As Hannah passed Emma, however, a powerful gust of wind knocked the blonde sideways into the rich redhead, sending Emma falling to the courtyard

floor with a yelp. She landed on her back, sliding a short distance along the bricks, which she fearfully realized she felt rub against her bare butt cheeks. The fall had allowed the wind to blow her skirt up completely, and Emma looked down at her body from where she fell to see her bright green thong fully exposed for all to see. Red hair whipping in front of her eyes, Emma scrambled against the winds to her feet, pulling her skirt down as hard as she could to recover herself. Only she might have pulled too hard... there was the sound of fabric tearing.

While Emma's assets had worn out the waistband of the too-small cheerleading skirt, the fall had prepared it to snap and had torn the fabric, and her pulling so fiercely was the final straw. The skirt split straight down the back, and when Emma threw her hands back to try and cover her exposed booty, another strong gust of wind swept the broken skirt clean off her hips, sending it high above, all the way to the roof, or beyond. "Nooooo!" Emma was skirtless in front of everyone! Thong not leaving much to anyone's imagination Emma alternated between covering her crotch and her pale, wind-wobbling butt cheeks, the crowd hooting and hollering at the sight.

Emma turned to see Hannah was still fighting the wind to get to Candice, and the redhead glowered. She pushed Emma down, and now everyone was laughing at her lucky underwear! No way Emma wasn't going to fight back. She began pushing forward to intercept Hannah, briefly blocking out the cheers and laughs to stomp her way closer through the gales. With how hard the winds were blowing, Hannah didn't hear Emma's approach. When she was close enough, Emma lunged forward, gripped the sides of Hannah's cheerleading skirt, and pulled it to her ankles, exposing Hannah's jet-black thong to the cheering crowd, the blonde's cheeks wobbling in the wind.

"What the-?!" The realization her skirt was around her ankles hit Hannah right as she tried to take a step forward, and her flustered reaction combined with the strong wind and awkward stance resulted in her staggering forward, falling. She was close to a picnic table, and she tried to catch herself on the corner. While she did, she also fell so her chest fell right around the corner of said picnic table, the old and splintery edge tearing her top's fabric right between her boobs. As Hannah steadied herself on the picnic table and realized what Emma had done, she realized the damage done to her top, and how the wind was causing the fabric to rip more and more. Her top could blow off, and Hannah wasn't wearing a bra! As she held onto the table with one arm and reached to her chest with the other, she looked back and saw her skirt still wrapped around her ankles, but the wind was teasing it closer and closer to her heels. If she didn't reach back and grab her skirt, she would lose it! But if she let go of her top, she would lose *that*! Hair whipping around, butt cheeks rippling as more wood chips and sticks blown by the wind ricocheted off them, Hannah was trapped by indecision. More debris struck her top, weakening the seams even more. She wasn't sure if she could risk quickly reaching to pull up her skirt, but the winds was tugging harder and harder on it... If she didn't act soon, she'd lose it for good!

Hannah finally picked a moment to act, but it was the wrong moment. As soon as she reached her free arm back to grab the skirt, another strong gust rolled through the courtyard and swept the skirt clean off her ankles, up into the sky, forever out of reach. Hannah futilely reached after it, only to be knocked to the ground by another strong gust that hit her straight in the chest. The gust was enough to sweep Hannah top clear over her arms and off her body, and as Hannah hit the ground, she watched in horror as the top sailed up after the skirt. She picked herself up off the ground, then yelped and threw her hands over her exposed boobs. "AHHHHHHH!" Hannah was standing in the middle of the courtyard, wearing only a black thong! "Nooo!" Hannah squinted as the crowd came alive with phone cameras flashing. "Sweet hooters!" they crowded through the winds. "Now THAT'S exposure!" "Sweet cheeks, Hannah!" Hannah blushed until it felt like her entire body was red. "Stop it! Stop it!" She tried to cover her butt, only to remember her chest was bare and quickly refolded her arms.

Growling, Hannah turned to Emma standing nearby. The redhead had somehow paled even more, keeping her crotch covered as she backed away from Hannah. "That was an accident!" she protested, voice lost in the wind, but Hannah didn't need to hear it. This small fry wanted a fight? She got it.

Emma yelped and turned to run as Hannah charged towards her, but didn't get far with the wind blowing a

s hard as it did, scattering wood chips into Emma's face. She couldn't make it a few feet before Hannah closed the distance and pushed her forward. Emma landed chest-first on one of the picnic tables, bent over it at the hips with her butt aiming barely covered at the biggest section of the crowd. She tried to push herself up, but Hannah stopped her, planting an open hand on her lower back and pushing her down to keep her on the table. "Let me up!" Emma cried, words muffled even more when her hair blew into her mouth. She shifted from foot to foot trying to wiggle free somehow, only making her pale cheeks jiggle more and more, to the amusement of the crowd.

Keeping an arm over her boobs, Hannah turned to the crowd with a smile. "You all want exposure?" Hannah called into the wind. "Here you go!"

Emma's eyes went wide, and she started to struggled harder and kick her feet as Hannah's hand wrapped around her thong's waistband. "Hannah, no!" Emma cried. "I'm sorry! Let me keep my underwear!" But even though Hannah heard her that time, she didn't listen. She carefully began to pull Emma's thong down. Emma flailed her arms behind herself to try and reach Hannah to no success, Hannah standing at the perfect position at Emma's side, too far to be reached, but just the right spot to keep pulling the thong lower and lower. An inch of butt crack, a second inch... half moon... "Nooo!" Emma yelled when she felt the waistband pulled down past the bottom of her butt, a full, bright white moon now aimed squarely at the crowd. Emma's face blushed as red as her hair as the cheers swelled. Everyone was taking pictures of her butt! Even though Emma was still kicking, Hannah still managed to pull the thong all the way off Emma's body, then made a theatrical show of letting go, allowing the relentless winds to sweep the undergarment away. Emma was completely bottomless, long smooth legs and pale round butt swaying for all to see! She accidentally gave the crowd an even more revealing show by arching her back repeatedly to try and worm out of Hannah's hold, making her cheeks shake even more, as well as provide peeks at even more intimate places.

But Hannah wasn't done yet. She slapped her now-empty hand across Emma's backside, causing the red head to yelp and the crowd to laugh. The handprint left behind was bright red. Hannah leaned close to Emma's ear, even though she had to still talk loudly to be heard through the winds. "I think there's still room for improvement." Emma's heart skipped a beat as Hannah stood back up and called to the crowd, "You people wanna see more?" Of course the answer came as a resounding cheer. Hannah grinned with malicious intent. Time to show Emma her place.

Hannah let go of Emma and climbed on top of the picnic table, planting her feet on either side of Emma's head, red hair tickling her shins as she squatted over her. Before Emma could realize she had a chance to run, Hannah gripped the bottom of Emma's cheerleading top with both hands and began to pull. "Hannah, no, please!" Emma tried to push herself into the table as Hannah continued to pull, inching the top higher and higher up Emma's body with every tug despite Emma's efforts. The wind continued to blow, Hannah's hair flying straight behind her head, her uncovered boobs flopping all around, and Emma's pale booty shaking with each girl's effort. Emma wanted to bat Hannah's hands away, but couldn't reach behind her back enough to do it. She then reached her arms in front of herself, grabbing at Hannah's bare legs, before her fingers graced the sides of Hannah's thong. As Hannah pulled Emma's top up, Emma reached up and clawed Hannah's thong lower and lower, revealing an inch of butt crack, two... Hannah had revealed half of Emma's bare back as Emma continued to roll down Hannah's thong lower and lower. Emma was able to claw Hannah's thong past the bottom of the blonde's perky butt, both ample ass-cheeks bouncing on full display, and a few more attempts pulled the thong past Hannah's crotch, nearly rendering the bully butt naked. Hannah realized too late how successful Emma's attempt at disrobing her right back were, and she splayed her knees to prevent her undies from being dragged any lower as she kept pulling and pulling to try and yank Emma's top over her head, to strip her completely nude.

During the infighting among the bullies, however, Candice was still stuck behind them with her skirt blown up around her face. As the rivalry exploded, Candice had squirmed until she was able to firmly keep a hold on her report with only one arm, then able to use the other to reach around and unhook her panties from the tree branch. After she unhooked herself, Candice used the arm to finally push her skirt out of her face, only to get an eyeful of Hannah squatting with her ass out, the blonde bully's big bare butt just a few fe

et away from Candice's face. "AHH!" Candice screamed in surprise, almost letting go of her skirt to hide the sight of such a full moon from her eyes.

Candice's scream startled Hannah and immediately melted her rage. With a clear head, Hannah looked down and realized how exposed she was, how her bare breasts flopped freely, her pussy out for the world to see, all the cameras flashing and capturing her naked front to plaster all over social media. "AHH!" Hannah immediately let go of Emma's top to cover herself, but, in doing so, was off balance when the winds kept blowing, one gust striking her in the chest. Unable to catch herself, Hannah stumbled backwards off the table, and Candice cried out again as the Hanna's moon fell from the sky.

It all happened so fast. It was like all of a sudden, Hannah realized she had fallen from the table and was sitting among the flowers and trees blown sideways at the edge of the courtyard. Then she realized she was sitting on something other than dirt and flowers, only to look behind herself and see Candice's face lost between her butt cheeks. For Candice, one second Hannah's bare ass was an inch away. The next thing she knew, the world was dark, her face felt like it was pushed between two big pillows, and her dazed scream of horror was muffled by the butt her face was buried in.

As the laughter of the crowd became uproarious, Hannah quickly scrambled to her feet, Candice's glasses stuck to her butt. Hannah brushed them off to clatter on the bricks and reached down to pull up her thong around her knees, only for a shrill voice to slice through the wind. "What is THIS?!"

Hannah turned to see Principal Waxley pushing her generous body through the crowd, a hand on her hair bun to prevent the wind from undoing it. With the other hand, she brought her eyeglasses to her eyes and peered at the basically-naked Hannah, nearly jumping backwards in surprise. "Oh my... I had heard there were... shenanigans out here. I never thought this is what they would looked like."

Hannah yanked her thong back up over her crotch and butt, then covered her boobs with her hands. The voice had also brought Emma to attention, as she scrambled up off the table, standing straight to greet the principal. Then, of course, with a yelp, Emma realized she was revealing her pale privates. She pulled down her top to cover herself, but heard the seams rip, tearing her top off. She gawked at the torn fabric, faint at the notion that she was basically nude. immediately she plunged her now ripped top over her bare crotch instead, smiling bashfully.

Principal Waxley tsk-tsked at the two half-naked bullies. "If you wish to be nude, please do so in the comfort of your own home, not in the middle of the school, ladies." "Both of you, my office. Immediately." Pointing to the other students she commanded: "Return to your classes!" The principal shooed the crowds away. "Inside, immediately!" Murmuring and groaning, the crowd began to disperse back inside the building, as the powerful winds finally began to slow. Hannah and Emma followed the principal in. It was a long walk to the principal's office, and Emma had to endure plenty of heckles, jokes, and attempted spanks on the way, the principal shooing all the students away and promising detention for them too. Hannah said nothing and didn't look up from the floor the entire time, too embarrassed to do anything but walk with her hands around her breasts and crotch. Emma, completely butt-naked, practically sprinted the rest of the way.

Before long, the only person left in the courtyard was Candice, still dazed from Hannah's fall. She eventually sat up, shaking dirt and leaves out of her hair. "Blegh! Gross!" That was closer to Hannah than Candice ever wanted to be! At least the wind was finally dying down, pulling the last few bits of dirt from Candice's hair before becoming gentle, almost pleasant. Candice saw her glasses a few bricks away, but hesitating before putting them on, knowing where they've been. But remembering how she still needed to turn that paper in made her snatch them up quickly and thumb through the pages again. Ten... eleven... twelve?! Candice sighed. At least her assignment was okay, but she had to hurry to turn it in! Candice scrambled to her feet, put one hand down in front of her skirt, then jogged as fast as she could inside to her classroom.

Candice's foot passed through the doorway just as the passing period bell rang. Just in time! Struggling to rekindle the pride she had been feeling before the series of misfortunate events, Candice happily marched

d to the teacher's desk, proudly stapled the stack of papers together, and held it out to the teacher. "Here you go, Miss Barrington!"

Miss Barrington looked up from her laptop, and her pierced lip grew into a smile. "Ah, there you are, Candice. Thank you—" Miss Barrington took the papers from Candice, but upon adjusting her thick-rim glasses to skim the first page, she interrupted herself with a frown.

Candice's forehead wrinkled with worry. "Is... is there something wrong?"

Miss Barrington held the report back out. "If you could... perhaps reprint it and get it to me before the end of the day? It's... a little smudged."

That's it?! A little smudged?! Indignant, Candice swiftly grabbed the report, but the indignant fell away when Candice looked and realized the problem. The text on the page was all smeared and illegible, and it almost seemed smeared in the shape of... boobs. Candice looked down and saw her flowery beige top had black smears across the chest, the spot she had been hugging the papers. Looks like the printer ink was n't quite dry enough before Candice hugged the papers to her chest. Candice sighed and nodded to Miss Barrington before trudging to her seat so class could begin. One day, Candice would win. She just hoped that day would come sooner rather than later.